



southern culture
on the fly

Shenanigans

Defining Everything That Matters

SCOF
 MAG
 STILL
 FREE

MADE BY HAND. HEART. AND SOUL.

THE BEST WADERS IN THE WORLD STEM FROM INNOVATIVE DESIGN, CUTTING-EDGE MATERIALS, AND TENACIOUS TESTING. THEY'RE ALSO THE END RESULT OF A PAINSTAKING PROCESS AND THE SKILLED WORKERS WHO PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO IT EVERY DAY. FROM A BLANK ROLL OF GORE-TEX® FABRIC, THE SAME HANDS THAT DOUBLE-HAUL SINK TIPS AND STROKE DRIFT-BOAT OARS CUT, SEW, TAPE AND, FROM SCRATCH, HAND-BUILD EVERY WADER THAT BEARS THEIR MARK. STITCHES SWEATED FOR PERFECTION. CUTS MADE WITH FLUID MOTION IN MIND. SIMMS WADER MAKERS BRING THIS CHEMISTRY TO EACH AND EVERY SET OF WADERS THAT LEAVES OUR BOZEMAN, MONTANA FACILITY. THAT'S WHY THEIR STORY IS OUR STORY.

John Salcedo

JOHN SALCEDO, PRODUCT SPECIALIST,



WADER MAKER



SIMMS.

#WADERMAKERS



Your before-fishing breakfast isn't lucky.
It wasn't baked by the magical mermaids
of the Mariana Trench.

It's a pastry.

Sold beside beef sticks.

And lotto tickets.

It may contain several hundred ingredients.

But not one will help you catch more fish.

Not even sodium acid pyrophosphate.

So eat some bacon.

Or maybe a Greek yogurt.

Forget superstition. You have science.

You have the clarity of 580 technology.

COSTA | 

C O N T R O L F R E A K

NEW
MIRAGE

OWN THE FIGHT with the most advanced patent-pending drag system ever designed. Infinite adjustment from zero to dead stop in a single drag knob rotation. Renders any previous perception of "smooth drag" to obsolescence. Completely sealed and maintenance free. Orvis Innovation. American made. Advantage angler. orvis.com/miragereel

 PROUDLY MADE IN THE U.S.A.



ORVIS

160 YEARS OF
PROVEN INNOVATION





Photo: Homosassa Springs, FL - June 2017, Steve Seiberg



Photo: Western North Carolina - 2017, Rand Harcz



Photo: South Holston River, TN - 2017, Rand Harcz



| Introducing

SPECTRUM FAMILY

One Revolution Sealed Carbon Drag

When we introduced our first-of-its-kind Sealed Carbon System it was a revolution in reel technology. Many have followed, but our new Spectrum family stays one evolution ahead. Our Sealed Carbon Drag – featuring numbered micro-adjustable detented drag settings in a single revolution – delivers unmatched reliability, repeatability and precision whether stalking the smallest spring creeks or wading legendary saltwater flats. Housed by fully machined, forged and tempered 6061-T6 aluminum, each member of the Spectrum family is solidly built with the detailed craftsmanship that defines Perfecting Performance.

sageflyfish.com

| SPECTRUM MAX

Heavy-Duty Features

*Big Water,
Big Meaty Flies*



| SPECTRUM LT

Lightweight Features

*Hatch Matching,
Trout Stalking
Fall Steelheading*



| SPECTRUM

Multi-application Features

*Streamers to Nymphs,
Stillwaters to Tailwaters*





FEATURES

- 34 **TARPON CENOTES**
BY MICHAEL STEINBERG
PHOTOS: CHIP COOPER AND PEPE VAZQUEZ
- 64 **CICADA**
BY DAVID GROSSMAN
PHOTOS: RAND HARCZ
- 100 **DOCK BOX**
BY DAVID GROSSMAN
PHOTOS: STEVE SEINBERG
- 128 **VIEW FROM THE GEAR BOAT**
BY DAVID GROSSMAN
PHOTOS: JOSH BRANSTETTER AND GALEN KIPAR

DEPARTMENTS

- 8 **SCOF SUMMER FLUFFER**
- 26 **FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK...**
.DAVID GROSSMAN
- 30 **HAIKU**
.LACEY KELLY
- 56 **LOOK WHO CHOKED OUR CHICKEN**
.ICAST
- 58 **MOVING PICTURES**
.TRUE.WILD.FLORIDA - GRAY DRUMMOND/LACEY KELLY
- 80 **BENCH PRESS**
.HOT RANDY'S SMALLMOUTH CANDY - RAND HARCZ
- 90 **BASSAPALOOZA**
- 116 **STRATERGIZING**
.IT'S ALL FUN AND GAMES
UNTIL SOMEBODY GETS HURT - MICHAEL TAYLOE
- 126 **FUR AND FEATHER MATINEE**
.BRUSH BAIT - LOUIS GAUDET
- 148 **THE BACK PAGE**
.PAUL PUCKETT





“I WILL BE AWAY FROM THE OFFICE AND UNABLE TO RESPOND TO EMAIL.”

THE WORLD'S FINEST SHALLOW WATER SKIFFS HELLSBAYBOATWORKS.COM



S.C.O.F
SUMMER 2017
ISSUE NO. 24
SHENANIGANS



EDITOR
CO-PUBLISHER:
David Grossman

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
CO-PUBLISHER:
Steve Seiberger

CONTRIBUTORS:
Paul Puckett
Peter Perch
Michael Steinberg
Chip Cooper
Pepe Vazquez
Derek Keaton
Gray Drummond
Lacey Kelly
Michael Tayloe
Galen Kipar
Josh Branstetter

COPY EDITOR:
Lindsey Grossman

BLOG EDITOR:
Christian Fichtel

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER:
Rand Harcz

WARRIOR POET:
Louis Gaudet

GENERAL INQUIRIES
AND SUBMISSIONS:
info@southerncultureonthefly.com

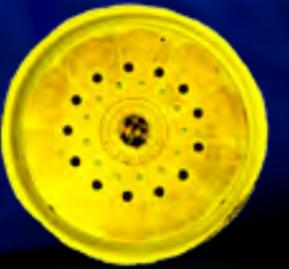
ADVERTISING INFORMATION:
info@southerncultureonthefly.com

COVER:
Peter Perch and Steve Seiberger
"Dock Box"



www.southerncultureonthefly.com

all content and images © 2017 Southern Culture on the Fly



southern culture
on the fly



SUBSCRIBE NOW FREE
CLICK

photo: Steve Seiberger

AMPLITUDE
WITH AST PLUS

SLICKNESS

Down to a Science

Shoots Farther

- 50% slicker than the original AST

Retains Slickness

- Maintains that out-of-the-box feel for the life of the line

Lasts Longer

- On average, Scientific Anglers lines last 862% longer than the closest three competitors



Exclusively from Scientific Anglers.

#fishthetruth
scientificanglers.com

Summer 2017

Shenanigans, tomfoolery, horseplay, and the yanking of life's crank are things I take very seriously. Fly fishing is something I take less seriously. If I took my fishing more seriously, the sky might be the limit. Who knows? I might even become a proficient angler. But just for a moment, let's say I got super serious. I mean laser-like, Adderall serious. Where would I wind up: An unknown angler? A guide? A fly fishing "celebrity?" Homeless? That is the crux of the fly fishing ascent—if you make it to the top, where does that actually leave you? You won't be rich, famous, or even respected by the vast majority of your peers who don't fish, which is almost everyone. You will be poor, burnt to a crusty crisp, and devoid of insurance, retirement benefits, and most likely a spouse. Awesome. Not to say the aforementioned adult bullshit is the key to a full life. But taking fishing deathly seriously and reaching the pinnacle of our somewhat irrational pastime doesn't sound like it fits the bill either.

No, a full life has to be more than a list of things accomplished in a sport that in its finest form was never conceived as a list generator. It is, and always was meant to be fun. That's right, fun. Not contentious, not secretive, and definitely not something that inspires me to think I'm better than anyone else.

I have inevitably hit middle age. In my golden years, peeing will grow difficult or maybe even impossible (I'm unclear on that subject). The one thing that being elderly has clarified for me is that my fishing "career" has never really been about the fishing. The wholesale collection of stories has been lurking beneath the surface all along. The tales of friends, trips, and exotic happenings are burnt into my cortex, while the memories of specific fish grow blurrier with time. I don't remember when I learned how to throw a curve cast, or euro-nymph, or even when I first double-hauled. I do remember sitting on a dock in Louisiana laughing until I peed as a result of what is still the best hair-lip impression I have ever heard, or the time I snuck an open pack of lunch meat into my buddy's parked car right before we left on a three-week trip out west. I highly doubt anyone on their deathbed ever says they wished they had taken their fishing more seriously. More time spent with friends, more time spent outdoors, more fun; that's what people say right before you mercifully smother them with a pillow. I hope those of you who are reading this (which, if you read this magazine I can only assume your propensity for the big "F" is vast) will take shit a little less seriously. After all, it's just fishing.



Everything that Matters



NO. 1
FALL 2011



NO. 2
WINTER 2012



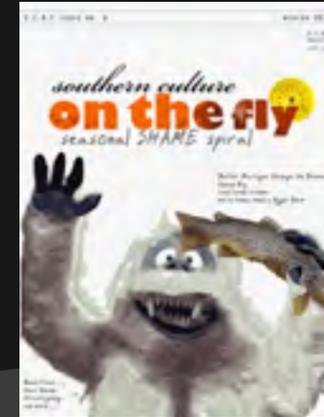
NO. 3
SPRING 2012



NO. 4
SUMMER 2012



NO. 5
FALL 2012



NO. 6
WINTER 2013



NO. 7
SPRING 2013



NO. 8
SUMMER 2013



NO. 9
FALL 2013



NO. 10
WINTER 2014



NO. 11
SPRING 2014



NO. 12
SUMMER 2014



NO. 13
FALL 2014



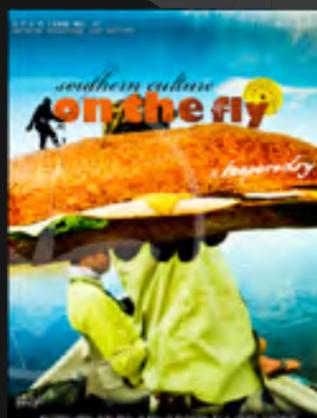
NO. 14
WINTER 2015



NO. 15
SPRING 2015



NO. 16
SUMMER 2015



NO. 17
FALL 2015



NO. 18
WINTER 2016



NO. 19
SPRING 2016



NO. 20
SUMMER 2016



NO. 21
FALL 2016



NO. 22
WINTER 2017



NO. 23
SPRING 2017



SUBSCRIBE NOW FREE
CLICK

Haiku

with Lacey Kelly

Permit ate the fly twice,
Guide barks orders quickly
down the bow,
Angler becomes a deaf statue.

Howler Bros

BROS





Six days of travel stripped to a few frenzied seconds: on Sudan's Red Sea coast, Josh Gallivan comes tight to a bluefin trevally while Stu Harley and Mike LaSota look on. Russ Schmitzer © 2017 Patagonia, Inc.

Form follows fishing.

Built with ultralight fabrics for comfort and breathability in the hottest conditions, our technical sun protection clothing helps you keep your cool when the mercury—or adrenaline—really starts to rise.

patagonia[®]



VARPON ENOTES OF CUBA

By Michael Steinberg
Photos: Chip Cooper and Pepe Vazquez

I believe all anglers have a pioneer gene, meaning we want to believe we are the first person to fish a pool on a remote arctic stream or the first to cast on a tropical flat. This is partly driven by the desire to find naïve fish, but also the simple appeal to explore. Our species has already explored and settled most of the land-based planet, yet there remains mare incognitum that have never been touched by a fly line.

Cuba is one of the most recent examples of a new fishing destination, with American anglers and adventure fly fishing companies jockeying to become established in the burgeoning market. As the acerbic political relationship between the United States and Cuba becomes more palatable to both sides, tourists from the U.S. have begun to flock to Cuba in increasing numbers. Super-sized cruise ships now dock in Havana Harbor and former President Obama visited Raúl Castro just a short while ago; events that were unfathomable just a few years ago.



Cubans also seem enthused about the potential of this expanding economy and have acted accordingly. Saltwater's grand slam species—tarpon, permit, and bonefish—have all been designated as catch-and-release-only species. Fisheries and park officials have begun implementing managed access plans for boats in several parks to control pressure that is presumed to be on the horizon given the loosening travel restrictions from the

U.S. There is also no shortage of marine protected habitat as well, with prime sport fishing grounds found in areas such as Zapata National Park, Isla de Juventud, and Jardines de la Reina Marine Park. Named by Christopher Columbus to honor the Queen of Spain, Jardines de la Reina, or Gardens

of the Queen, is the most beautifully named angling destination I have ever visited.

Overall, 21 coastal- and marine-protected areas have already been legally declared with 13 more in the approval process. This new era of conservation is sorely needed given the impact of foreign (i.e. Soviet) and domestic commercial fishing fleets on marine resources, especially during



the Cold War. This new era of sustainable fishing is welcome news for sport anglers and conservationists alike, because Cuba is not the environmental Eden often portrayed in the media.

Make no mistake: Cuba is certainly unique and presents many interesting angling opportunities, but it's not uncharted territory. This is partly due to the breakup of the Soviet Union

in 1989 that ushered in an era of severe economic deprivation that lasted into the late 1990s. Known in Cuba as the "Special Period," this era was marked by empty grocery shelves in state-owned stores, forcing people to turn toward sometimes unconventional sources of sustenance. As one Cuban friend who lives in Havana told me somewhat sheepishly, "The stray dog population of the city plummeted during the Special Period."

Hungry eyes turned toward the sea as well with nets providing critical food during those lean years. According to one park official in Zapata, the area was home to huge schools of bonefish before the nets arrived in the 1990s. Better protected today, the bonefish population is recovering, but it took a big hit in the '90s.

Before I sound as though I'm trying to completely dispel the exotic and alluring image of Cuba, there are some areas that I'm confident have never seen a net, let alone a fly. As one travels south of Havana toward the Zapata Peninsula, you enter a region that resembles the Everglades, with grassy horizons and forested islands, dominated by limestone karst features. As you get closer to the coast, grassy wetlands transition into dense jungle and mangrove forests. One of the most common features within this landscape is sinkholes, or cenotes in Spanish. Over the millennia, soluble limestone dissolves and collapses, resulting in the formation of literally thousands of large and small cenotes, many of which are connected by submerged passageways. In these cenotes are tarpon—thousands of tarpon—most or probably all of which had never seen a fly.







During a recent research trip to Cuba to map coastal mangroves, a park guide acquaintance assured me that there were plenty tarpon in the rivers and flats, but also in nearby cenotes. I wouldn't say I was skeptical, but his descriptions of both numbers and size of fish certainly piqued my curiosity. I was without access to a boat, a bureaucratic roadblock given my research visa, so rivers and flats were inaccessible. With minimal prodding, he found a vehicle and headed into the jungle. Park employees are paid a pittance, so my friend welcomed the chance to moonlight as a fishing guide to earn some extra CUCs (the currency used by tourists).



As we drove further into the interior on rutted roads, trying to avoid the hundreds of bright red land crabs migrating during the mating season, we passed a military outpost whose barbed wire fence was strung with tin cans to alert soldiers of any potential incursions. Given that we were near the infamous Bay of Pigs (or famous from the Cuban perspective), I assumed guards were expecting U.S. Marines. It was a surreal moment with me holding my fly fishing gear while passing a scowling Cuban soldier holding a sniper rifle. However, the end of the Cold War had apparently reached this part of Cuba, because we passed without incident.

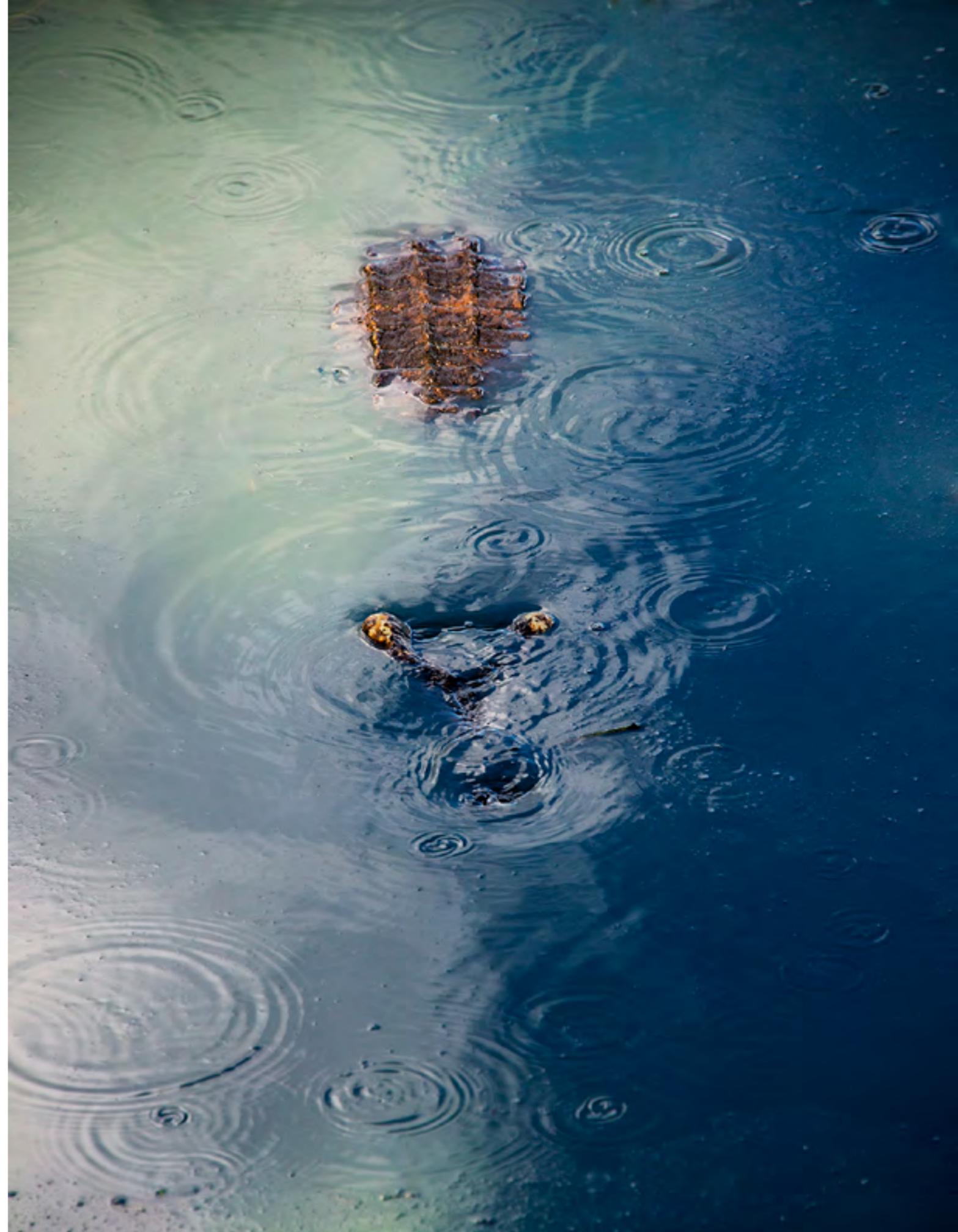
When the “road” ended, we entered a humid green inferno on foot, initially cutting our way through a wall of thorny acacia trees to find an old trail. Pointing to a tarpon tattoo on my forearm, I asked again, “¿Seguro de este pez es aquí?”

My guide, sensing my skepticism or unease, perhaps due to the lingering memory of the sniper, assured me, “Sí, sí, tener fe mi amigo, hay sábalo en estos cenotes!” So off we marched through the jungle, all the while trying to avoid defensive land crabs snapping at our feet.

Twenty minutes later we reached a large cenote with thick vegetation lining its banks. Fish or no fish, I was happy for a water break in the afternoon heat. But as I was gulping water, my heart began to race, not due to the heat, but instead because I saw a large wake in the middle of the cenote. A few moments later and two tarpon rolled a short distance from the initial disturbance on the glassy surface. My companion pointed and yelled, “Sábalo!” Indeed, we found tarpon in the first cenote we visited. As we

stood watching the two fish roll, another fish broke the surface near the edge of the cenote, where dangling mangrove roots leaned over the edge of the jagged limestone.

While excited, I also faced a dilemma: how to reach the fish from a jungle-clad bank? A roll cast was the obvious answer, but even then, the vegetation was too thick and tangled to control the line, let alone a nine-foot rod. I was literally peeling back the riotous vegetation in order to peer out over the cenote. After a few feeble attempts, including climbing a mangrove tree and balancing on the roots to try a bow and arrow cast, my guide suggested we try another cenote. Walking away from rolling tarpon wasn't easy, but he described a nearby cenote with a small opening. As we walked, I reminded myself that my friend promised there were tarpon in the cenotes, he didn't promise I could actually catch them. After another 20-minute circuitous hike, again avoiding dozens of crabs with claws at the ready, we came upon a cenote with a large enough opening to at least make a roll cast after some landscaping with a machete.

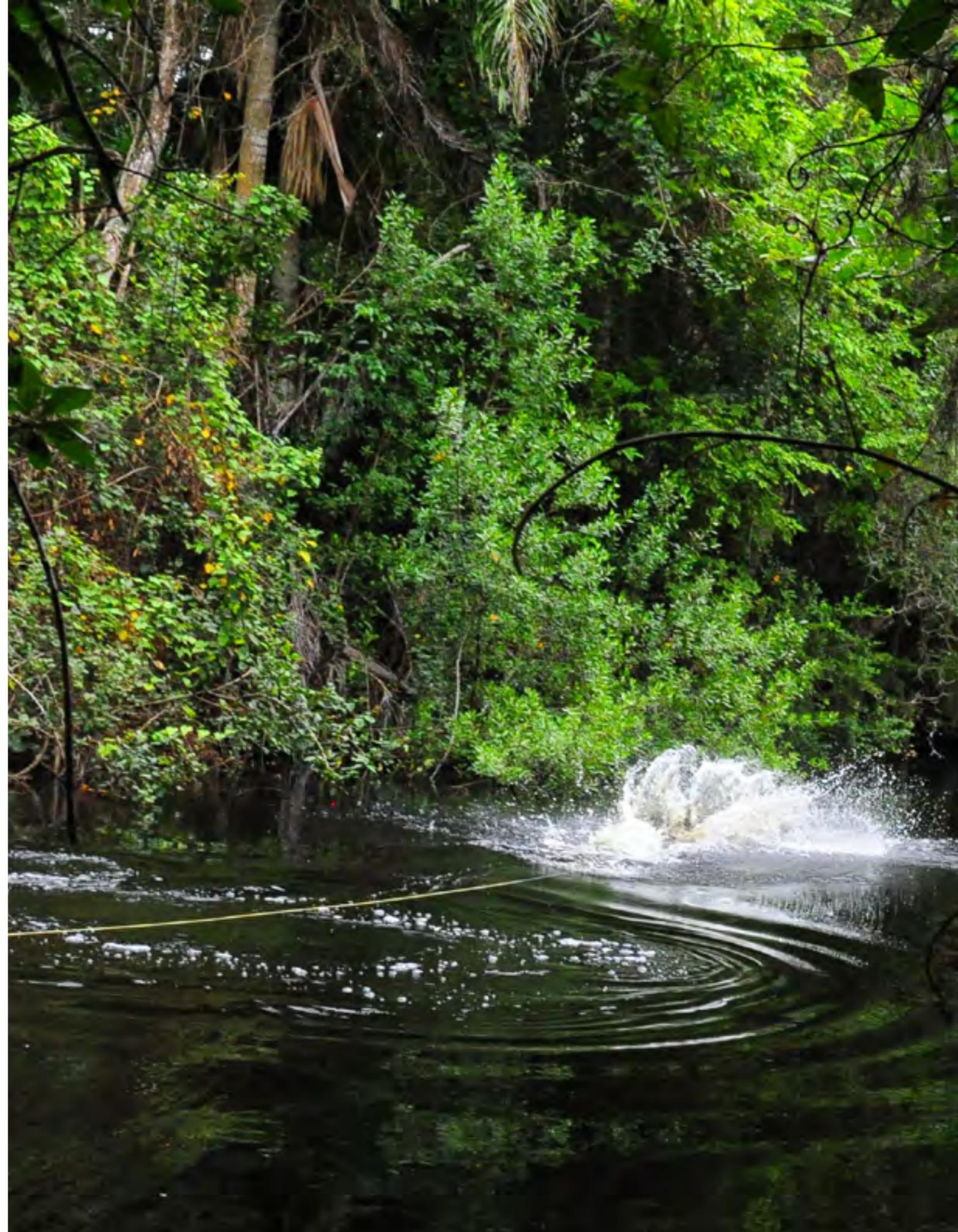


“This has potential,” I muttered to my friend, who was smiling with a satisfied look on his face. Again we saw rolling fish that appeared to be cruising the banks at the edge of the overhanging vines and limbs. As a swirl approached I flipped a large bunny tarpon fly and slowly stripped. Fish or no fish, at least I had a line in the water. As the butt section of my leader approached the rod tip, a tarpon flashed a few feet away and took my fly. I was elated because a tarpon took my fly, but also shocked that an 80-pound fish just a few feet away took my fly and was screaming toward the middle of the cenote. As the fish appeared out of the dark water nearly at my feet, I dare say it almost scared me because I wasn’t expecting a bucket-mouthed fish lunging at my feet.

I did my best to set the hook without breaking the fish off. But with any tarpon, the first run is controlled chaos. Given the banks were lined with tree limbs and the cenote itself was formed by sharp limestone, I was not optimistic

about landing the fish. I tightened the drag as much as I could and held on. The fish jumped twice in open water then ran for a bank lined with mangroves. The line turned limp as the fish shot under the mangroves. My guide was more disappointed than me that we didn’t get the fish in hand, but I explained that on a fly, it was a longshot at best given the obstructions and the size of the fish. As I reeled up the line, a deep burn across my fingers served as reminder of the power of tarpon, but that sort of pain is easily dismissed and almost expected given the quarry.

The fight was violent, but short. So we thought we’d give it a little while and let the cenote settle to see if other tarpon would make an appearance. Sure enough, after several minutes, a couple of fish began rolling on the far end. We sat calmly and watched as the fish made their way to our end of the cenote. For me, there isn’t a more exciting angling sight than rolling tarpon, especially fish that are approaching casting range.







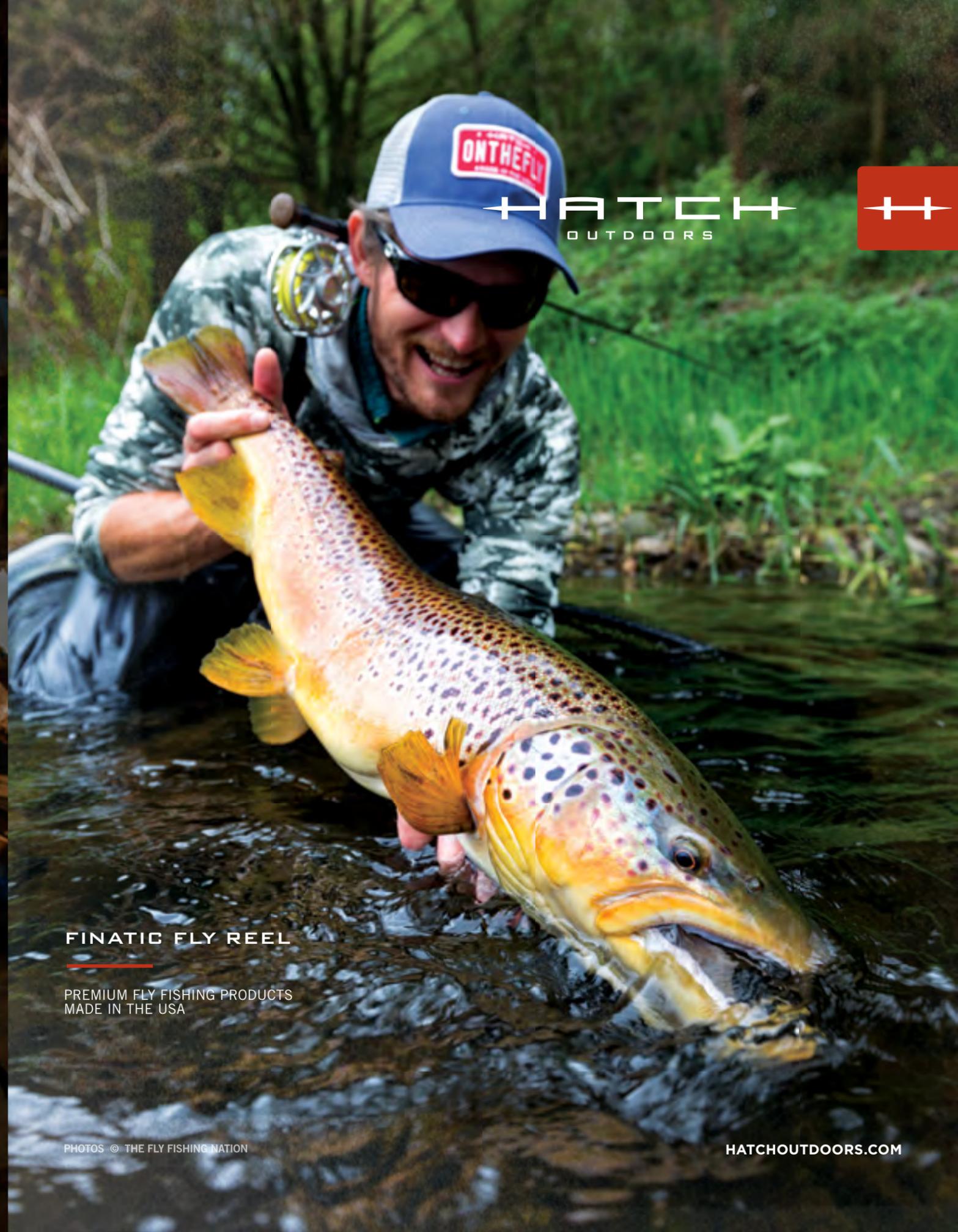
As the fish approached, I cast again, let my line sink, and began to strip. Similar to the first fish, it snatched my fly just a few feet from my rod tip. I was better prepared this time, having already tightened my drag. Again though, the fish ran for deep water, surfaced, jumped, dove, and jumped again. Unlike the last fish, this one stayed near the center of the cenote, but unfortunately wrapped itself around a submerged tree. The line remained taut but stationary, signaling an end to the battle. A few moments later, I once again retrieved my frayed leader.

The cenote fell silent after the second fish. No matter, with lengthening shadows, it was time to make the trek back to the car. I was disappointed I didn't have a chance to handle the fish and get a social media-worthy photo. But, I managed to jump two large tarpon in a totally new and largely unexpected location. There is great satisfaction in exploring new water and actually finding fish.

I have no idea if the cenotes will become a destination for international anglers. They are extremely difficult to fish, and frankly, I'm not sure if I was supposed to be wandering around the countryside near a military outpost. Of course as more anglers visit Cuba, demand for fishable locations will increase. I can perhaps envision outfitters importing paddleboards to reach the fish. But I can also envision a Cuban crocodile following an angler desperately trying to keep his balance while tied to a 100-pound tarpon. Virgin waters come with risks.



Michael Steinberg is a professor at the University of Alabama, proving the fact that not all fisherman are scoundrels, scallywags, and underperformers. When he's not teaching, he's traveling all over the world, putting his mapping skills to good use. Mainly by fishing.



HATCH
OUTDOORS



FINATIC FLY REEL

PREMIUM FLY FISHING PRODUCTS
MADE IN THE USA

PHOTOS © THE FLY FISHING NATION

HATCHOUTDOORS.COM



INTRODUCING THE **ALL NEW**

REDINGTON CRUX 11.5' 5wt | 9ft | S&B-2

The CRUX features our new Line Speed Taper, Angled Key Grip, and stunning aesthetics – which all work together to make it the best rod we've ever built.



REDINGTON
FIND YOUR WATER

Look who choked SCOF's chicken at ICAST...



...industry professionals

MOVING PICTURES



Gray Drummond and Lacey Kelly



TRUE.
WILD.
FLORIDA.





NOW IS THE TIME
NOW OR NEVERGLADES

[CLICK TO SIGN THE DECLARATION](#)



GET LOST

IN THE SPLENDOR AROUND YOU

Thousands of miles of river, teeming with trout, and not a soul in sight.

It's not the Rocky Mountains. This is Western North Carolina.

We spend hours stalking these banks, casting, mending, learning, sharing our knowledge of this place we call home. We know what starts on the water has the potential to go anywhere.

It's time to join us in the mountains. Start planning your experience by visiting hunterbanks.com.

Cicada



I am a Brood VI 17 year cicada.

I belong to the order hemiptera. I have existed since the last ice age. I have five eyes. I have two red ones. I am a delicacy. I confuse lawnmowers for mates. I am a clumsy pilot. I started life being deposited into a tree slit as an egg. I live underground for 17 years. I leave my exoskeleton everywhere. I bathe in sunlight for five weeks. I mate. I am dead.







I was eaten by fish. I was eaten by dogs. I was crushed by shoes. I was obsessed over by fisherman. I may have had a cicada STD, otherwise known as Massospora fungus. I pee from trees as you walk underneath. I chirp barbarically. I was confused for a biblical plague. I scare little girls. I am hated by most. I am loved by a select few. I inspire grass carp to leave their evil vegetarian ways. I make everything look up. I get a raw deal. I felt the love of a woman once. I thought I was a 13-year brood cicada for a little while. I wasn't. I am a Brood VI 17-year cicada.





SYNTHETIC TROUT FLIES
EP™ TRIGGER POINT INT'L FIBERS
BY ENRICO PUGLISI



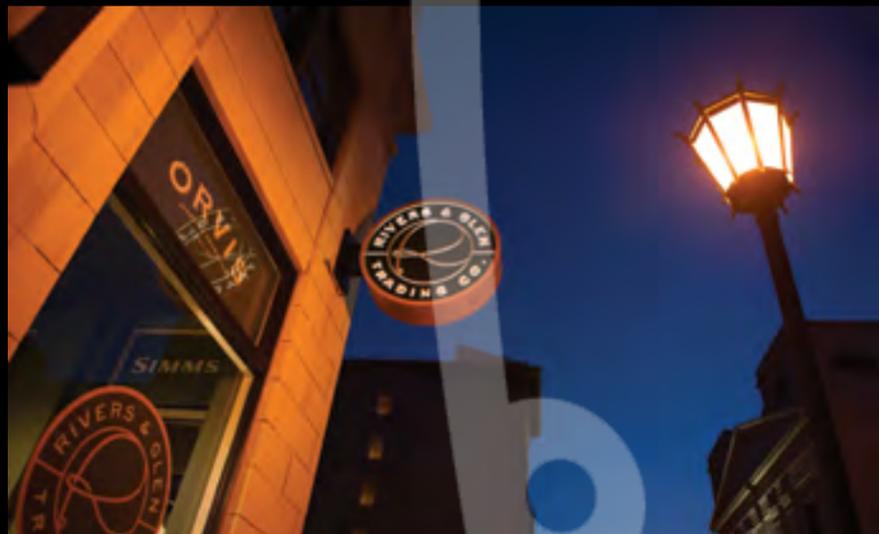
****ADDITIONAL FLOATANT ...
COMPLETELY UNNECESSARY**



EPFLIES.COM



LIVE LIFE IN THE CURRENT



SAVANNAH - AUGUSTA
RIVERSANDGLEN.COM

Trolling for marlin off Oahu, tuna fishing on the Grand Banks, commercial whaling.....



TOWEE BOATS

GUIDE TESTED SKIFFS

When you build an amazing skiff that is at home on everything from salt flats to rocky rivers, it's just easier to list what it can't do.

Prop, jet, push pole or oars - what will you do with your Towee?



www.toweeboats.com

BENCH PRESS

Rand Harcz



HOT RANDY'S
Smallmouth Candy

Rand Hancy
Smallmouth Candy

From piss-stained ass to smallmouth bass, the **HOT RANDY SMALLMOUTH CANDY** is gonna get the job done. Summer smallies can turn off in the middle of the day, going deep and slow can trigger a strike. Think pig and jig, a bunch of rubber legs on a jig hook with a trailer. Gear guys use this technique all the time. Work rocks and cracks espe-

cially, those tight-holding places when you don't see a fish in the river. They are there, hiding. Dumbbell eyes are not my ideal way of fishing for smallies but can be necessary. Simple jigs consisting of a rubber leg skirt with a body and trailer can produce fish when the early topwater bite has finished and the fish have gone down.



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



Materials List:

- Size 2 60 degree jig hook
- Medium dumbbell lead eye
- Crystal flash
- Orange rabbit strip (barred)
- Small palmer chenille
- Silli legs (orange w/gold flakes)
- 2 dreads from the pubic region of a bulldog poodle mix or craft fur

Step 1: Secure dumbbell eyes. Wrap thread to hook barb.

Step 2: Add 4 strands crystal flash 2x as long as hook shank.

Step 3: Add 4 strands of silli legs same length as crystal flash.

Step 4: Position dreads (crayfish pinchers) same length as flash and legs. Use remaining dread to wrap around hook for body bulk and natural scent.

Step 5: Add 4 wraps of palmer chenille above hook point for added interior flash.

Step 6: Palmer rabbit strip up to dumbbell eyes for bulk of body.

Step 7: Tie in 4 silli legs on top of fly behind dumbbell eyes and 4 strands of silli leg on bottom of fly below behind dumbbell eyes.

Step 8: Trim silli legs according to photo.





DYNAMIC RODS FOR DYNAMIC ANGLERS



High Performance > Cutting Edge Designs > Serious Fishing Sticks >

Diamondback is constantly striving to push the boundaries, rethinking details that are not typically altered and creating unique high quality rods that anyone would be proud to fish with. Diamondback fly rods are designed from the ground up to be some of the most distinctive, eye catching and performance based rods on the market.

< Freshwater > < Saltwater > < Glass >



www.diamondbackfishingrods.com
info@diamondbackfishingrods.com





patagonia

ORVIS

SIMMS

YETI
COOLERS
Wildly stronger! Keep ice longer!

Thomas & Thomas
FINE FLY FISHING

Howler
BROS

HIGH PERFORMANCE
Scott
FLY RODS

FILSON
Since 1897



COHUTTA FISHING COMPANY

Full service fly shop located in Cartersville, Georgia

WWW.COHUTTAFISHINGCO.COM

39 SOUTH PUBLIC SQUARE | CARTERSVILLE, GA | 770 606 1100

GUIDED TRIPS AND TRAVEL





BASSAPALOOZA

Bassapalooza is the greatest tournament ever held. Period. Other tournaments are lame in comparison. Sad. I wouldn't go to a tournament that wasn't the best. Because I only fish the best places, with the best people and the best fish. Fishfafi. I wouldn't take a piss on a tournament if it wasn't the best. The people there were beautiful, the most beautiful dudes in northwest Georgia, long flowing beards, wearing plaid shirts from Dubai. Everybody knows Dubai has the best plaid. I won the tournament. Not that anyone who organized the tournament would admit it. They're all about fake tournament standings. They're just sore losers and have to say someone else won the tournament. That's why I won though, because people are sick of fake winners, they want a real winner. I always win. I'm even tired of winning. I won last year's tournament, too. I wasn't even there, but I managed to set two IGFA records at the tournament...while I was playing golf. Don't look it up though. The IGFA is all about fake records. You should ask the 300,000 hard-working bass fisherman who saw me set those records. They'll tell you. It was the biggest crowd ever to watch anyone set a bass record.

GUIDED FLY FISHING

LOCALLY TIED FLIES

ESSENTIAL GEAR

APPAREL

RENTALS

TUCKASEEGEE FLY SHOP

BRYSON CITY'S FLY FISHING OUTFITTER



LOCATED ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK, WE ARE SURROUNDED BY 2,200 MILES OF CLEAN, COLD WATER TROUT STREAMS THAT PROVIDE YEAR ROUND FISHING OPPORTUNITIES. TROPHY SMALLMOUTH BASS ALSO CALL MANY OF THESE STREAMS HOME AND PRESENT AGGRESSIVE TOPWATER BITES DURING THE WARMER MONTHS.

(828) 488-3333

www.TuckFlyShop.com

SIMMS

SAGE





Walter's FLY RODS



Year round fly fishing for redfish around Charleston, SC with seasonal opportunities for other species.



WWW.FINSANDFLIES.COM
CAPTMICHAELBRUNER@FINSANDFLIES.COM
843.860.6536



SIMMS G4 Pro Hip Pack

THE SUMMER ISSUE GIVEAWAY

Check our Facebook page for details on how to enter





SCOF



www.TheFiberglassManifesto.com

STEWARDSHIP | RESEARCH | EDUCATION | ADVOCACY
JOIN TODAY. PROTECT TOMORROW.



www.btt.org

#glassisnotdead



DOCK BOX

By David Grossman
Photos: Steve Seiberg

I'm gonna walk a very fine line here, so if I do stray, please know I'm trying my hardest.

There's been a disturbing trend in my social media feed as of late. More and more, I find myself looking at scantily clad women. Now this isn't all that out of the ordinary. No, the peculiar thing is the rate at which these women are holding fish seems only to be matched by my bewilderment in the fact that we seem to be driving our beloved pastime to something more akin to *Boogie Nights* than *A River Runs Through It*.

Here, I will make another request to all of you: Please don't start firing up your keyboards to send me angry emails. I'm really bad at correspondence and am in no way saying that a woman holding a fish is offensive. Turning women fishing into soft core porn, on the other hand, is bumming me out a little.

Rebel Chick



I know this argument may fall on some deaf ears, but as a father of a daughter, and as someone who fishes with women who can regularly outfish me, I think we're doing a shitty job in the consistency department. For me, it's hard to look a fisher-lady in the eye, and then go home and troll the Internet for women who only fish in the loosest sense of the word, wearing a bikini. I'm not saying that it's wrong to appreciate the female form or take a wild ride on the interwebs for spankable material. But that's called Pornhub, not Instagram. For the women out there who really fish, who like many men have devoted their lives and careers to our quirky pursuit, it kinda sucks to be reduced to likes on social media when professional fly fishing opportunities arise. Sponsorship deals, ambassador programs, and advertising seem to be leaning toward likeability over substance, and the women who aren't willing to fish a flat in a g-string for the sole reason of revving our tiny lizard brains are being left out.





Yes, this problem I bemoan pervades all things, everywhere, and has since the first time a mechanic's shop put up a calendar. I am guilty of being a dude as any of the rest of you are, but the older I get, the less I wanna see it in fly fishing. Porn should be porn and fishing should be fishing, and very rarely should the two co-mingle. I also understand that this is largely hypocritical, but I can only take care of one society-wide problem at a time. Fly fishing should be a meritocracy of passion. It takes years to gain the knowledge, experience, and requisite skills to be a great fly fisherman, and great fly fishermen are who we as a community should hold up as leaders, teachers, and spokesman.





Now if physical attractiveness was thrown into the mix, we probably would have wound up with Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson instead of Bernard “Lefty” Kreh. While I do admire the The Rock’s amazing six-pack stomach, I imagine a casting lesson from him would be pretty shitty. Shouldn’t it work both ways? Aren’t we, the fly fishing community, better than the rest of the bullshit out there (I’m pretty sure I read that over the door of a fly fishing museum once)?

I don’t know what the answer is. I do know that when my daughter becomes the stick I know she will be, I don’t want her to feel she has to demean herself just to get ahead. Also, I will hunt down any of you little shitheads who might have taken a picture and go berserker on your horny little asses. So from now on when your feed pops up a picture of what my female friends now refer to as dock boxes (because they never leave the dock), I want you to think of one of these many photos of me in a bikini fishing. Burn it into your brain. If that doesn’t make you re-evaluate your position on this subject, I am quite sure nothing else will, and it might be time to take up the fine art of chucking bait...ya neanderthals.



FALL 2017
AVAILABLE NOW



strategizing
Michael Tayloe



It's All Fun and Games
until Somebody gets Hurt

“It’s all fun and games until somebody gets hurt.” I heard that all the time from my mom growing up in the Carolina mountains. I get it now. But it holds different meaning, because when somebody gets hurt, I get paid (your fractured tibia is my new reel).

Appropriate first-aid training and first-aid kits are usually not at the top of an angler’s list. Should they be? Hell, yeah, they should! Most of our fishing endeavors take place in beautiful places, and most of these beautiful places are not immediately close to help (and a lot of anglers do get injured or ill on the water). I’m not talking about a hook in the arm or a blister from chunking meat all day. I’m talking about snapping your leg bone in half or God forbid your heart going sideways while deep into a full-day or weeklong float. With a little bit of appropriate training and a good first-aid kit, you could make a difference in the outcome of a day gone *Deliverance*.

This stuff is not rocket science, trust me. If I can ride in the back of a trauma bus and fly in medical heli’s for half my life, you can rock some first aid. A little knowledge goes a long way when your buddy or client is busted all to hell a long way from help. Let’s take a look at a few considerations for those of us who play this game on remote waters.



Class act

I often get asked if all first-aid classes are the same. No they are not—not even close. Let's look at a basic first-aid class. These classes are great for their intended purpose. Example: emergency occurs, 911 is dialed and you freak out for eight minutes and do CPR or try to stop the bleeding until the fire truck and the ambulance show up. It works and makes a difference. The key here is that the flashy lights and sirens show up pretty quick. These common, basic first-aid classes are based on quick response from emergency services. This is not the scenario you will find yourself in while floating down the river or at the bottom of that canyon. In these situations, it's all you until help can be reached, or it reaches you. Wilderness first-aid classes are the ticket for folks who commonly find themselves in the above scenarios.

So what's the difference? Of course, wilderness first-aid classes teach you how to handle those immediate life-threatening issues: opening an airway, getting the Twinkie out of the air

pipe, and stopping the bleeding. But then you learn how to take care of that problem or patient for the rest of the trip or until help arrives. These courses teach folks with zero medical training how to make decisions about an emergency situation in a remote environment. Medical issues are another focus: at what point to cut and run when your buddy on the oars has severe stomach pain or when he is slurring his words in a manner unrelated to alcohol or natural herb substances. When your client busts his leg in half, you are not going to have all that whiz-bang stuff the paramedics carry to stabilize that leg. These classes teach the real world way to splint a fracture first and then demonstrate improvised options based on what you may be carrying with you. The point: these wilderness first-aid classes teach you what you really need to know for the environment in which you work and play. So, where do you find one of these fancy classes you may ask? Try, wait for it, here it comes, *Google* "wilderness first-aid courses." Have a look at what's offered and dive into what works best for you.

Full of kit

Ok, let's talk about first-aid kits. First, besides putting a Band-Aid on a boo-boo or digging out a splinter, if you do not know how to use what's in your kit, it is pointless. Training and a good kit go hand in hand. Second, if you buy a \$14 first-aid kit, well, you are going to get a \$14 first aid kit. The tape is not going to stick, bandages may fall apart, and God forbid the CPR mask may fail when you need it the most. Even if you are a fish bum dirtbag living in the back of your truck and wearing the same underwear for months, you still manage to spend thousands on fly gear. I suggest shelling out some of that coin on a decent first-aid kit.

Let's look at few considerations that have nothing to do with what is actually inside a kit, but are just as impor-

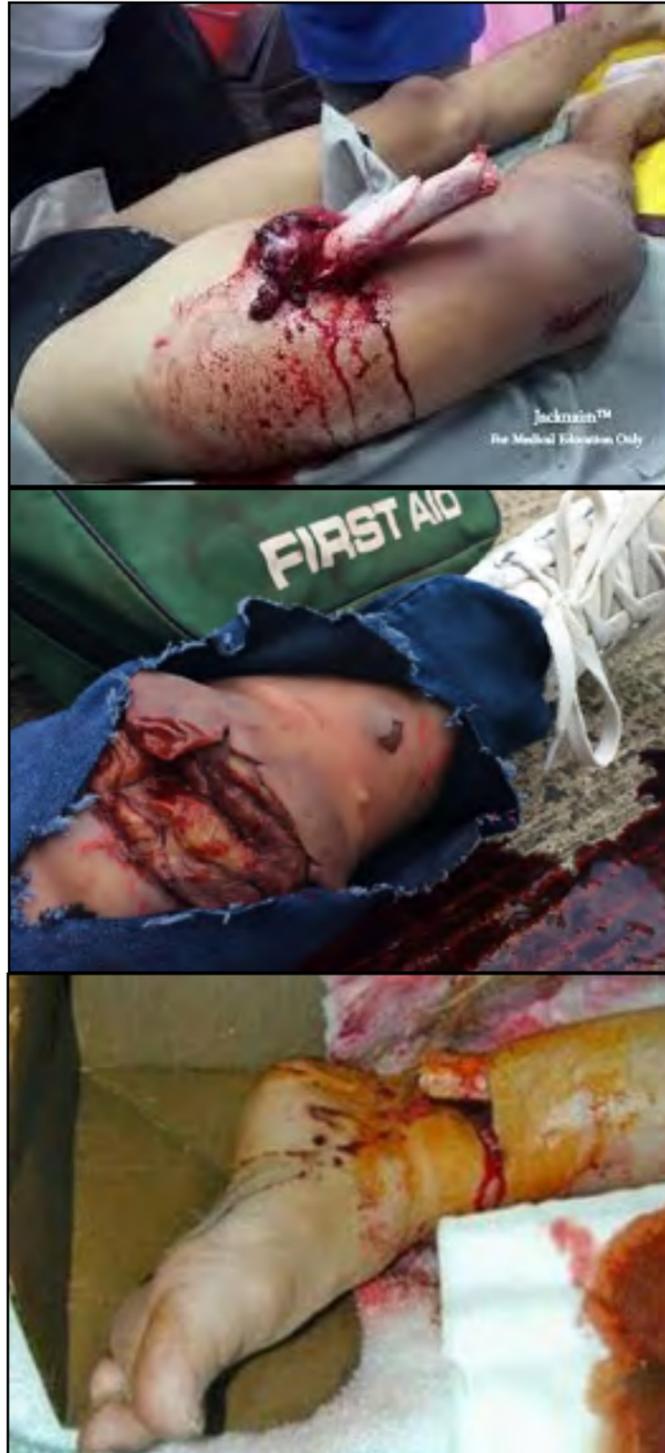
tant. Whether you are going to buy a kit or build one yourself, you really need to consider the construction of the bag. It needs to be made with bomber material with good zippers and built well. This thing goes everywhere with you: drift boat, skiff, bottom of your pack—if it blows apart, well, 'nuff said. The next thing to consider is organization. When the shit hits the fan, you really need to

know where the lifesaving stuff is and it should be easy to access. Most of you are not paramedics, ER nurses or

trauma surgeons, and when the bad stuff goes down, the stress level goes up exponentially. The last thing you need to be doing is digging around in your kit looking for something to plug a hole. The bag itself does not have to be elaborate, you just need to have stuff organized for quick, easy access.



Now let's look at what goes in a kit. I could just bust out a list, but that's the easy way out and you'll just throw it all in there without thinking about it. So, let's think about it. First, you need to have supplies for the life-threatening situations...the bad shit. You need some type of face shield or face mask to assist with breathing. Next, you need to have items to control major bleeding. You will learn in your wilderness first-aid class that a good deal of major bleeding can be controlled with well-aimed, direct pressure. That means you need to have some 4x4-inch gauze pads or the like to apply said pressure. If the bleeding cannot be controlled, having a tourniquet would be a good idea. Again, an appropriate first-aid class is imperative to learn these techniques. A blood stopper is another product out there that can help uncontrolled bleeding. You can actually now buy these hemostatic pads at sporting goods stores and on Amazon.com. Gloves. Self-explanatory.



Let's look at a few things that are always good to have but are not life-changing. Keep an assortment of bandages (duh). Good tape. Medical tape sucks. Get some decent athletic tape or duct tape. It's imperative to clean wounds, especially on long trips. Drinkable water is just fine to use and having a 10cc syringe is great for irrigating wounds. Vet wrap is awesome. It's versatile, stretchy, self-sticks, and can be purchased at Tractor Supply. Blisters—often overlooked, but can be a showstopper on the river or walking the flats. I recommend Blist-O-Ban from Sam Medical. Tools: tweezers and trauma shears. Trauma shears are the fancy (but cheap) scissors we carry on the trauma bus and they have in ERs. They cut through anything and protect from accidentally cutting the person. Trust me, if you gotta cut a pair of waders or a heavy rain jacket, a knife isn't going to work. You can find these online and you can find "mini" ones to fit in your kit.

First-aid kits can be simple as long as you have the right stuff and not the cheap crap. You are going to personalize your kit for what you are doing or where you are going, but there are some basics to have in every kit. I didn't get into medications (over-the-counter or otherwise) or medical issues as I just couldn't make it all fit. A good wilderness first-aid course will steer you in the right direction for what you might want to add to yours.

I hope this helps a little and makes you think about what you carry, and if you know how to use it. Trust me when I say, it's not a matter of *if*, but *when*. Be safe!

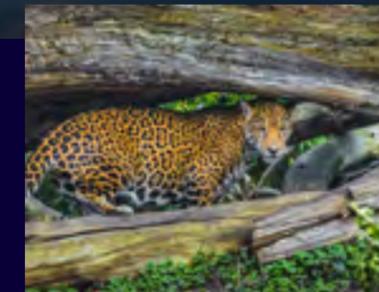
Mike Tayloe left the wilds of western North Carolina many years ago, going on to guide in Colorado and Chile while still finding the time to start Finnswest. Even though Mike travels all over the world teaching courses in Wilderness First Response to guides and lodges, as soon as he opens his mouth, all you hear are the hills from whence he came. We like that about Tayloe.



S.C.O.F. MAGAZINE



www.NOMADIC WATERS.com



World-Class Expeditions in the Brazilian Amazon

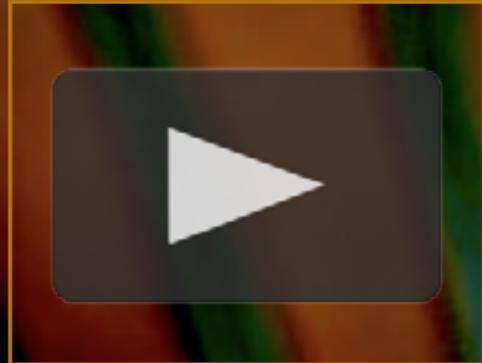
www.Nomadic Waters.com

FUR AND FEATHER MATINEE

Louis Gaudet



SIMPLE BAIT



VIEW FROM THE GEAR BOAT

By David Grossman

Photos: Josh Branstetter, David Grossman and Galen Kipar



Much like the often maligned shuttle driver, the gear boat is an integral cog for any fishing trip involving more than one cycle of the SUN. Nobody wants to fish with sleeping pads, tents, grills, and everything else everyone overpacked for a one-night trip grabbing their line or taking up valuable space that could be used for more beer. Enter the venerable gear boat. One boat to carry it all. On the surface, this job sounds less glamorous than running the “fishing boats,” but don’t be fooled friends, this is the job you want. Leave the rowing of actual people around for the rest of those losers. Volunteer for the gear.







First, your soberness is immaterial. This rule should obviously be suspended when any serious whitewater might be encountered, but the rest of the time, gear boat drinking is good drinking. No one on the boat to share the beer with, so it's all yours. No one on the boat to shame you for how many beers you have already drunk...shame-free river travel. No one on the boat to complain about your shitty, drunken rowing. Hit as many rocks as possible, go down the river doing circles, maybe even oscillate the boat anywhere from five feet off the bank to 150 feet and back again, all within a 50-foot section. It doesn't matter because you're happily buzzed and the gear doesn't care.

Now, to address a common misconception about running the gear boat. There is no

hard and fast rule that you can't fish on the gear boat. Without the extra baggage of having to satisfy other humans on the boat, you can fish a lot. You're expected to row ahead of the group anyway, why not use that to your advantage? Poach the best holes before anyone else gets there. Whack multiple fish out of the same spot. It's only you and the gear around, so leave the leftovers for the "fisherman." You got there first, and this law from our childhood is just as valid in fishing as it ever was on the swings. While your gear boat fishing escapades are nothing to apologize for, it is considered gauche to regale the rest of the group with your fishing conquests around the campfire, as most likely the sloppy seconds they got were nowhere near the quality of your fabulous firsts.





If you're a social animal and enjoy the company of others, rest assured that at some point someone will feel sorry for the poor gear guy and offer to switch so you can fish awhile in an unencumbered vessel. Don't fall for this malignant ruse. In all likelihood the person offering knows just how much better the gear boat is than the human trafficking they have been saddled with. Being alone is good for you. See the reasons above and get to know yourself a little bit. You're pretty awesome.

When I was a kid, I played goalie. I was an important part of the team. Some might even say as the last line of defense, the most important. But by playing goalie, I could get out of all the unpleasant running that left my other teammates in excellent shape and empty inside. There's a reason little kids always clamor around the coach when goalies are being picked. So next time the gear boat is being assigned, volunteer. Be the goalie and leave the unpleasantness to those unfortunate souls who are either just plain ignorant or too stupid to recognize the gear boat for what is: the best job on the river.





Video features Overnight Fishing Trips
on the Nolichucky River



GUIDE SERVICE
East Tennessee & Western North Carolina



www.AshevilleFlyFishingCo.com

Book a Trip: (828) 779-9008



THE NEW SCOF STORE. (it really works better)

**20% off all orders over \$75 through September. Enter code: SUMMER
or.....FREE SHIPPING for the rest of August. Enter code: SCOF2017**





SUBSCRIBE NOW FREE
CLICK

You (and everyone you know) should SUBSCRIBE (it is free) to this (free) magazine NOW



photo: Steve Seiberg

The Back Page with Paul Puckett

THIS IS PROBABLY THE MOST UN-THOUGHT-OUT
"CARTOON" I HAVE EVER DONE. I DON'T KNOW
WHY THIS GARP AND PERMIT JUST ATTEMPTED



TO SPAWN AND SMOKE CIGARETTES AFTER.
BUT, YOU WILL PROBABLY NEVER SEE
THIS BECAUSE WHO REALLY READS
THIS MAGAZINE UNTIL THE BACK PAGE
ANYWAYS?

P. Puckett 17



NOV 2017
FALLISSUE 25

